



A Different Day by **robyshe1**

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Mike W.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-24 17:45:18

Updated: 2018-03-24 17:45:18

Packaged: 2019-12-16 22:50:03

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,443

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Eleven and Mike have been hanging out in the cabin for the past 3 years, because it's still not safe for her to go out yet. As they spend those times alone, they start exploring new areas. Rated M for smut.

A Different Day

Author's note: Hey guys, this is just an idea I had 5 months ago. I know they're underage, but I think they're old enough to have sex. Don't like, don't read. Anyways, enjoy ;)

Eleven was dying of anxiety. It was like this everytime Mike came. Once a month Hopper would allow her to leave the house, but mostly she had to stay there. At least, he let Mike come to visit her once a week and everytime, she got nervous. El wanted Mike to think she was pretty. He had seen the best of her, all dressed up for the Snow Ball. He said she was beautiful. What if he thought that only like that she looked pretty? Mike was everything. She couldn't let him go. She had to make him like her even more each time.

Eleven had never cared much about looks, but this time she really didn't know what to wear. Mike liked when she wore pink and El felt like a girl when she was wearing it, because most of the times people saw her, when she was younger, they thought she was a boy. But the pink t-shirt or the pink dress? Eleven couldn't make up her mind.

"Which one, dad?" She asked Hopper when he showed up at her door. He knew what was going on and hated it. Hopper hated to see Eleven growing up and so attached to a boy. At least it was Michael Wheeler and not Troy Harrington. He knew that boy was such a nerd that probably wouldn't even know how to deal with a bra. He really hoped that was true.

"The t-shirt." Eleven furrowed her eyebrows, something she always did when confused. "You'll have to wear pants with it, which is more difficult to take off." He explained.

Eleven trusted Hopper, so even though she didn't understand what he meant, she supposed he was right.

When she thought she was ready and looked the best she could, Eleven started to walk in circles in the living room. Hopper rolled his eyes. Why be so nervous? It was just Mike. He came literally every week.

"El, Mike likes you the way you are! Relax."

They heard the secret knock and El's heart almost jumped out of her chest. Hopper opened the door and Mike got in hesitating like always. He was a little afraid of Hopper. He was the boyfriend now.

"I'm going then." Hopper said grabbing his car keys, "You know the rules. Don't open the windows, wait for the secret knock and no..."

"Funny business." Mike completed Hopper's thought. He wanted the chief to know he understood and was following his rules.

Hopper glanced at Mike as a warning. He did it every time, intimidating the boy to make sure he was clear. The chief knew they needed their space. Specially because they were dating and if Eleven could leave the house all the time, they would go on dates all over town, but she couldn't. And he wasn't that cold-hearted to forbid them to see each other for such a long time again. But it was hard to leave, knowing they would be alone inside the house. Hopper decided he had to trust his daughter on this. If Eleven didn't want to be touched, Mike wouldn't touch her, because she could easily knock him out with just a blink, but what if she did want to? Her nervousness scared him.

When Hopper finally left, Mike didn't even have time to say anything. Eleven jumped on him and started to leave kisses all over his face. He smiled. It was so good to be back with Eleven. They saw each other every week, but when you're in love it's hard. You want to see the person every day. Compared to the 353 days they were separated; seven days didn't seem much.

"El," He said warning her. Mike was holding a pizza and didn't want to drop it. "I brought pizza!" He brought something different every time. His mom normally cooked for them, but she loved the pizza idea.

Soon they were cuddling in the couch and eating the mozzarella pizza while watching soap operas. Mike didn't like *Days of Our Lives* very much, but it was El's favorite show, so he didn't mind. She loved this idea of people in love, because it was one of the few things she did know. After all, she was deeply in love with Mike.

It was hard though when there were sex insinuations. Mike's face would heat up, because El would be very interested. She knew what it was. She was sixteen and Hopper had had to teach her. She didn't understand why she and Mike weren't doing that stuff. Eleven wanted to know more about it. Every time she saw couples covered by a blanket in the bed, or having a heated make out session, she would lean in towards the TV like she could absorb the information better.

It had helped them at least to move forward a little in their relationship.

It all started the first time Eleven saw a couple sharing a longer kiss. She knew what a kiss was and meant, but when she and Mike kissed it was very quickly.

"There!" She pointed at the television, "How do they do that?!"

"I t-think..." Mike tried to find the right words to explain. But how could he know? He had never given a french kiss before! "...they used their tongues."

"How?!" El's eyes lit up. She had heard something like that before while watching soaps, but thought it was on her mind.

"God, El. I don't know." Mike was blushing very hard and El could tell it was because of the topic. Like it was something they should be doing. Like Mike wanted to. A lot. "I haven't done it before."

"I haven't either!" She replied trying to make him feel better and he chuckled.

"I know that." There was a moment until the laughter ceased and Mike looked at her and knew what El wanted. "D-do you wanna try?"

"Yes!" Eleven sat right beside him and looked straight into his eyes, waiting for Mike to do something. He always knew everything. When she asked him about science he would know or daily things, like the weather. Of course, he would know how to kiss, right?

You're smart, Michael. You can do this!

It couldn't be harder than physics.

Their lips met and suddenly El was pushing her tongue into his mouth. Mike almost squeaked but managed to do the same to her. It was messy and wet, Eleven going way to deep trying to figure it out, while Mike just couldn't believe he was finally kissing El like that.

If they happened to date for a long time, which he really hoped they would; actually, Mike hoped they'd get married someday, but you never know, Mike knew one day they would kiss for real. But El was so innocent that that day seemed so distant, that he hadn't even thought about doing it anytime soon. But they did it, and it was amazing, even though it was odd.

"Wet." She stated when they pulled apart. Mike was scared. Hadn't she liked it? But she chuckled. "Gotta practice."

So, Eleven pulled his face towards her and they spent the rest of the day, trying to get better at the new discovery. Mike would never complain. He absolutely loved kissing El. Sometimes he would pretend they could get better, just so she would kiss him more.

The problem is that Hopper figure out they had been making out and Mike felt like he was disobeying Hopper's rules. So, El tried to kiss him, but he wouldn't let her, just one time or another, but very fast. They didn't have long make out sessions anymore.

It was difficult to run away from her. When she discovered she could not only kiss Mike's lips, again because of the show, she started to kiss everything she could and it was hard to say no. Specially because with Eleven's powers if she wanted to, he wouldn't be able to deny. But she took it easy with him, understanding his fears.

"I love when Tom and Alice are together, El." Mike said while they watched, and she snuggled closer to him. "I want us to be like that someday!"

"Old?" He chuckled.

"No. I mean, one day we are gonna be old and I hope we're together!"

"We'll be together forever!"

Mike smiled like he had never before, and he used to smile a lot

while hanging out with El.

"I love you." He blurted out, before realizing what he was saying.

El smiled shyly and tried to figure out what she should do then. These soaps helped.

"I love you too." She replied very slowly, trying to make it right.

The both didn't really know what to do. They had never said it before, though they had been feeling it for a long time. Mostly it was because of El didn't understanding things. But she knew what she felt for Mike.

Eleven suddenly took off her t-shirt, making Mike's eyes widen. What the hell was she doing?! He tried not to look.

"El, what is this?"

"They did this, there." She pointed to the television and he remembered one time they watched a scene where after the couple said they loved each other, the girl took off her t-shirt and the scene changed. Mike thought she hadn't understood what was going on. Maybe she hasn't. That's why she was doing that.

"El," He sighed, how was he supposed to explain that? Mike took El's t-shirt and put it in front of her body to hide it, so he could look at her while talking. "That's because they were going to have..."

"Sex?" She completed his sentence and he tried to find a place to bury his face. "I know, Mike. That's okay." El smiled and he thought she was so beautif...

Suddenly, Eleven was straddling him, her t-shirt on the floor, and staring right into his eyes.

"El..." He couldn't finish his sentence, because she kissed him, roughly. Right away, Mike moved his hand to squeeze Eleven's butt.

That was mind blowing. Of course, he had thought about it. He was a teenager boy, but never really thought it would happen, at least so soon. They had been dating for a few years, but El had always been

very naive.

Mike wasn't really thinking of what he was doing. Because if he did, he would stop and he didn't really want to. Nah, he definitely didn't want to. He wanted to see more of El. He had always thought about how she looked like without her clothes on and then made sure to have a cold bath. It didn't feel right to think like that of his naive Eleven. But maybe she wasn't that innocent.

Mike started to play with the straps of her bra, trying to open it, but it was almost impossible. How did girls do it? Hopper was right about him.

Eleven unclasped it herself and let it fall, reveling her small breasts. Mike didn't want to embarrass her, but it was impossible not to look. He let his eyes fall and took it all in. They were small, but better than he had imagined. He lay his hands there and squeezed, making her moan.

Eleven was a little embarrassed indeed, but it all seemed so right, and Mike looked at her like she was the best thing on earth, that maybe she could forget the embarrassment for a while.

Eleven decided Mike was wearing too many clothes. It was very unfair since she was almost naked. El tugged on his shirt and pulled it up, Mike lifting his arms to help her. She had always wanted to know how he looked without his shirt on.

Mike was pale and very slim, but that didn't turn her off, she thought it was very cute. His shoulders were full of freckles and his nipples stuck out a little. She wanted to nip at them, she did. El left kisses all over his chest, collarbones, and neck.

"El, I... I..." It was hard to find the right words to say, to explain what he really felt. All he wanted was to hold El forever and ever. Could he? But she hugged him and as he felt her chest rubbing against his collarbones, Mike knew he wanted more. He needed more and if El agreed, he wouldn't deny.

Mike knew he had promised Hopper something, but he had also promised to love El forever. He would do that. He would do and be

whatever and whoever she wanted.

He took advantage of the position and kissed her breasts, flicking his tongue over her nipples. It was all instinct. He didn't know what he was doing. El didn't either. They just did what felt right.

Eleven felt something on her crotch. She looked down and realized Mike's pants were bigger than usual. She frowned.

"I'm sorry, El." He apologized worriedly. It seemed disrespectful to be turned on, but Eleven was almost naked in front of him and she was very beautiful. Eleven, however, was just trying to figure out what she should do with that huge bulge on his pants.

Suddenly, she started to unbutton them and Mike's eyes widened. They were going too far. He hadn't thought about that. He hadn't imagined Eleven would want to get there, wherever *there* was.

"El," He tried to say, but didn't have the words, because deep inside he wanted her to keep going. And it was out. She could see it. Better, wouldn't stop staring at it and that was making Mike self-conscious.

He grabbed her face and kissed her, trying to take her attention, but soon Eleven pulled away and stared at it again.

"El!" Mike said a little annoyed. No girl had ever seen that part of him and he felt like it was disappointing. He didn't think he was big. He had always worried about that, especially after he saw Lucas's in the boys locker room.

"Fun-ny." El managed to say and touched him with one finger only. He closed his eyes. It wasn't much, but still was different and he wanted more.

Eleven realized that. She knew Mike and saw in his face that he liked her finger there. Maybe he would like the whole hand then. She grabbed and squeezed, and he moaned in her ears. His face lit up right away and she smirked, thinking he looked really cute when embarrassed. There was nothing to be embarrassed about. She wanted to hear him again.

Eleven stroke Mike for a while, in the meantime, he tried not to

moan like crazy, but it was so hard. He had dreamed of that for such a long time. He would let her do that forever.

Mike wanted to touch her too. He wanted Eleven to feel as good as he was. He grabbed her butt and pulled her to him, kissing her fiercely. Eleven moaned with the sudden friction and stopped stroking him, because she had to hold on his shoulders to not break. Was it something? It just seemed they were so close to each other, they would become one. Like she could enter his body. It sounded weird, but the way Mike squeezed her against him, it's just what it seemed.

They ground against each other and Eleven moaned, not knowing she could feel so good in her entire life.

"El, I-I want you." He hesitated afraid it'll be too much, that she wasn't ready.

"I want you too, Mike" She practically moaned and ravaged his neck, trying to satisfy her own desires.

She didn't understand, Mike realized. He would try one more time. If she didn't get it again, it meant she wasn't ready at all.

"El", He grabbed her arms, so he could look at her in the eyes, "I mean..." Mike looked down and she followed his gaze, "You know..."

He didn't know how to put it into words, because he didn't know how far she understood. What if he scared her? But there was something different in her eyes. Lust? Maybe.

Eleven stood up quickly startling him.

"Wha— "

"Bed."

She disappeared inside the room and Mike could only think, *Holy shit!* He followed and when he got there, Eleven was taking off her pants. *Holy fucking shit! She is so fucking hot!* No! He couldn't think of her like that. It was his innocent El, who had killed a few people, but it was El and she deserved respect.

"El, I don't think—"He started to say, but was interrupted suddenly by his t-shirt floating out of his body.

"I want this, Mike." He was so happy she felt so comfortable with him. She was completely bare in front of him and shaking a little but confident of what she wanted.

Eleven was covering her belly with her arms and looking down, waiting for Mike's reassurance that he wanted it too. Mike nodded his head and took off the rest of his clothes, so they would be the same. If they were going to be shy, then they were going to be together.

His member sprang free and it felt weird to be standing in her house naked, for he knew Hopper lived there too. And El was staring at it again.

"El!" Suddenly he was pushed towards her and she wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him hungrily. Mike took advantage of the position to grab her butt and squeeze, making her gasp. They smiled at each other and he thought she never looked better, like she belonged right there between his arms.

Mike pushed El so she would lie on the bed and positioned himself on top of her right after. He stared at her and she looked so vulnerable. It didn't seem like she could open and then close a gate to another dimension. That she was just another ordinary girl. That she hadn't indeed killed people.

"I love you," he whispered, unable to keep his feelings to himself. She was just too beautiful.

"I... love you too!" Eleven was shaking a little. Anxiety and fear ruled her body, but it was just Mike. He would be gentle, even when she didn't want him to. "I want you now." She said, wanting it to get it over with, so the fear would go, and they could enjoy it.

Mike nodded and kissed her one more time before lining himself up and that's when he realized they were lacking something. Mike fell on Eleven, beaten and mad that he hadn't gotten it. But how would he know that suddenly El would decide to have sex? That's why Dustin always said to carry one to be ready in case. Mike felt so stupid.

"Mike?" El wasn't understanding. They were so into it and then suddenly he dropped it. *What the hell?*

"El, I don't have a condom!" He said, face looking really hurt. She didn't leave the house, so it was obviously his job to buy it and he couldn't even do that. He was about to propose other activities they could do while naked when El focused and frowned like she did when using her powers. When Mike looked behind him, there was a condom floating and that was the most bizarre thing he had ever seen.

He looked at her confused to where she got it and she said, "Hopper has in his wallet. I grabbed a few, a couple of days ago."

Mike winced a little thinking that Hopper had probably bought them for Joyce, but decided to leave that thought away, for he didn't want to be turned off. At least he knew if Hopper was having sex, Eleven could use it against him, in case he found out.

Mike grabbed the package from the air and put it on. He was the only one who succeeded to do that during Sex Ed and was pretty much happy he still had it in his blood.

They went back to kissing since they had run away from the topic. But they didn't need much time and soon they were pretty into it. Mike had been hard the whole time, but El had lost a little. While stimulating her spot, he kissed her neck, breasts, belly, thighs and when he was about to kiss down there, El pulled him up again instinctively, not knowing it would make her feel good. She wanted to kiss him again, and the friction, as they ground against each other was the best feeling. She wished they would never stop.

"Mike." She whispered almost breathless from all the touching. "Now, please."

They were completely ready, now more than ever. And that scared both, but El was too eager to wait. She wanted to feel him and wanted the pain to go away soon.

"Are you s— "

"Yes, please." She interrupted him knowing he would never stop being a gentleman.

Mike nodded and once again lined himself up, but this time pushed in right after. Eleven let out a squeak and closed her eyes trying to handle the discomfort. It was mostly just pressure, and she could feel him brushing against her walls and stretching her open. She hoped that would go away soon.

"Are you okay, El?" Mike asked, his eyes shut of pure ecstasy. He knew she wasn't enjoying herself and he didn't want to see the look of hurt on her face, but he couldn't avoid it forever.

Eleven nodded, but didn't open her eyes, afraid tears would come out. Mike pulled back until he was completely out. Eleven was tough, but he knew her. And even though he desperately didn't want to, he decided to stop.

Eleven opened her eyes when she realized he was taking too long to put it back in and started stroking her forehead.

"Mike, sex me!" She said determined. It hurt, but one time or another would pass, she didn't see why they should stop now.

"El, you're— "

"Fine. I'm fine! Please don't make me go on top, just..." She didn't want to have to take control while it was hurting, "keep going, please."

When El begged him like that, like she was about to cry if he didn't do as he was told, Mike couldn't resist. But he would go slow. And he preferred seeing her crying because he had given up than of pain.

Mike penetrated her again and this time was much easier. El didn't even complain. But he didn't know if it was so he wouldn't stop or because it wasn't hurting anymore.

Watching every breath she took, he started to move in a slow rhythm, making sure she was okay.

"Harder."

Well, he wasn't expecting that and took a moment to realize, but soon was going faster. And El moans confirmed she wasn't hurting anymore and he couldn't handle it.

Mike shoved his face in the side of her neck and started to increase his thrusts each time. El didn't stop moaning and he kissed everything he could to make sure she would get there, because he was close.

"Mike!" Eleven screamed but to get his attention, something he seemed not to realize.

"Oh, fuck yes, El!" He answered still on her neck and in that fast speed. She rolled her eyes.

Eleven was feeling really good, but there was something missing, so she needed him to do a tiny little thing for her.

"Mike!" She called him again, this time using her powers to get him off her.

"Is everything okay?" He asked worriedly. She seemed mad and he didn't like her stopping them like that. Something was off.

"No! Keep going just..." She didn't know exactly what she wanted, but since he was up, holding his weight with his arms, she had an idea. "Hold my legs up!"

That was just too crazy for their first time. He didn't imagine it that way. Too much pain, her getting mad, them having to stop...

"What?"

Eleven groaned and started to put her legs on Mike's shoulders. He didn't know she was so flexible.

"Start moving." She demanded, and he wasn't in hand to disobey. "Oh, god. Like that, yes!"

That made such difference. Mike started hitting her on a spot she didn't know she had. And even though it still hurt a little, she couldn't even feel it anymore, managing only to focus on that amazing feeling of Mike inside her, pounding her.

Mike couldn't close his eyes, too amazed of the sight of El enjoying herself. She came twice before he did. And he only did because he literally couldn't hold it anymore. He wanted to stare at her forever doing that. Moaning, her eyes closed, mouth open, touching her breasts, such at his mercy.

Mike lay down next to her and got rid of the condom. They were both panting and trying to process what had just happened.

Suddenly, El turned to him and lay on his shoulders smiling.

"That was... crazy." He said, and she snorted.

It had been nothing like they had imagined. It hadn't been perfect at all, but it was at the right time and they could never regret. Mike bet that soon they would be good at it. There were still a plenty of things he wanted to do to her.

"I love you, Mike." She said beaming of happiness.

"I love you too, El."

That had been an odd day for both. They only hoped Hopper would never find out, so they could keep having different days like that.